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THE

COMMUNICATOR

SPRINGHILL PENITENTIARY



» WOMEN BEHIND BARS

INTERVIEW WITH SUSAN FEARN

IF YOU WERE BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THIS ISSUE WOULD EVER APPEAR, THAT MAYBE we had inexplicably crossed your name off our mailing list, or you were thinking, some unknown catastrophe had befallen The COMMUNICATOR; allay your fears, 'cause we're still here. It was a touch-and-go situation down at the office for awhile but we finally managed to overcome the languor that had set in over the holidays but refused to go out with the old year. Well, it was only a matter of time -- a matter we're well used to dealing with -- before we got off our butts and got down to business.

It's been a constant battle keeping ourselves financially afloat, a battle which takes its toll in the loss of other energies. We hope that you will bear with us during these times of financial foibles. As much as we like to complain and annoy our readers with tales of woe, it now appears that a ray of light beckons forth over the horizon to cast its brilliance over the dreary picture we paint. Yes, with a little help from our friends it seems our recent difficulties may well be a thing of the past.

Ah, but what about this issue? True, we've had to cut-back to thirty-four pages in our effort to balance our books, but, we feel, not at the expense of the quality of content. Quantity yes, quality no. With this issue comes the latest addition to our staff, Chuley, otherwise known as the mysterious Doctor X. Chuley's short story, "Back Alley Lord," offers us a glimpse into the seamier side of inner-city life, while his comic-strip, to be featured each issue, "Pappy Lupus & El Gato" portrays the lighter side of life at Springhill Pen.

John Ettinger's fiction series, Makin' Out, continues with, "Sunday," a study of that particular day of the week in the life of a young addict. As with "Back Alley Lord," we think you'll find "Sunday" representative of the local literary talent. Also continuing in this issue, Parahamster Donut's, Poys of Wisdom. In his most recent lesson he continues to lead us down the path of spiritual enlightenment in the never ending quest to "become with the One."

In the poetry section, "This Life, These Words," by Harriet Feinberg and Friend, brings us an intimate look into the lives of two people, a teacher and her former pupil during a visit in a Massachusetts prison. Though the main portions of the piece were written through the eyes of Ms. Feinberg, excerpts from the writings of her anonymous friend, former pupil, and convict lends an additional element of insight into the prison experience.

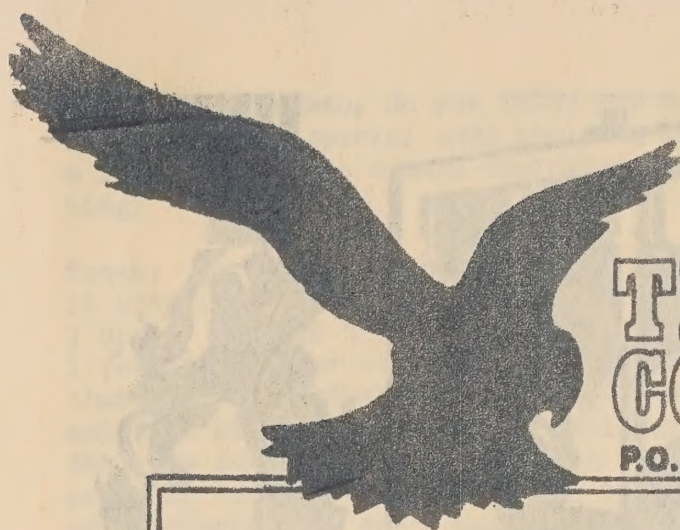
"Women in Prison: A Conversation with Susan Fearn," our cover story, affords us a look at Springhill Penitentiary through the eyes of a distaff member of the Administration, who has recently left for, literally, greener pastures, but not before leaving us with a few of her own "Poys of Wisdom." Though I found it difficult to pin Ms. Fearn down, regarding her position concerning some of the finer points of controversy in our prison(s) today, I think you'll nonetheless find a good deal of food for thought contained within the topics she covered.

For those of you who read this column in the last issue, you might remember my concluding exhortation of, "Don't just read The COMMUNICATOR, write The COMMUNICATOR." Well people, at the risk of sounding repetitious, I'm going to give it another shot; don't just read The COMMUNICATOR, write The COMMUNICATOR, now. Take note of the "now." What do you like about this publication, what don't you like? What are your thoughts and viewpoint of the Canadian criminal justice system? More importantly, isn't there something you'd like to say and/or do about the sorely needed changes necessary in the penitentiary system, and in particular, (from our somewhat restricted vantage point) the conditions of life at Springhill.

Without your comments, support, and involvement, the impetus for positive change is lost. With all the controversy concerning Capital Punishment, revisions in the Parole Act, prisoners' unions, etcetera, appearing in the "free"(?) media today and molding public opinion accordingly, but not necessarily accurately, we definitely feel that alternative sources of information should be widely and readily available to the public to offset the increasing government influence and control of the news media. Though The COMMUNICATOR is but a drop-in-the-bucket of alternative news sources, we believe that the message we're attempting to deliver is no less important or credible than those expounded in "official" publications and media sources. We need your help in getting our message across to a broader segment of the "free" public. Pass this copy around to your family and friends -- find out what they think and feel -- then sit down and write us a letter. Only you can put our "Letter to the Editor" column back onto these pages, while at the same time making The COMMUNICATOR a medium for dialogue and not just a voice from out of the wilderness.

As we await your replies, until next time, take care, be good (it may serve to keep you out of places like this), and have a happy new year.

In the struggle, Yours the editors.



THE COMMUNICATOR

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WOMEN IN PRISON:

CONVERSATION WITH SUSAN FEARN

BY DAVID BLOOMFIELD



The following interview took place this past fall, on the eve of Ms. Fearn's departure from the prison and the Canadian Penitentiary Service. Ms. Fearn came to Springhill some three years ago, beginning her service as a Unit Classification Officer, the first and only woman to hold the post at Springhill. Before withdrawing her services, she eventually assumed the position of Acting-Head of Living Units; having become by that time a well known figure amongst both prisoners and staff. Feeling that the opportunity for an interview was slipping by The COMMUNICATOR grabbed her during the final demanding hours in Her Majesty's Service. We think you will enjoy the interview, as Ms. Fearn bares all in a climatic tribute to her former calling.

David: Susan, can you tell us something of your background prior to coming to work at Springhill?

Susan: Well, I grew up in Montreal and spent most of my life there. Three and a half years ago (May '72) I moved to New Brunswick and came to work at Springhill the following January. In terms of education I took my first two years of my Bachelors Degree at Acadia in Nova Scotia and then finished off at McGill. I completed my Masters Degree in Social Work at McGill. Afterwards I stayed in Montreal and worked at a couple of social agencies doing different kinds of counseling. I was involved in adoptions for awhile, worked with multi-problem families and foster children. I also did some individual, marital, and family counseling as well.

David: So, you didn't have any previous experience in the criminal justice system?

Susan: No, actually it was kind of interesting the way I got involved in Springhill. The first Summer that I was in The Maritimes there were a group of peo-

ple in the area where I lived that were interested in coming in to meet with some of the inmates here. That sort of developed through Eric Fielder, before the Living Unit Program started, and there was a group of inmates that he had involved in a program called Sim-Soc. I started actually coming as a volunteer that Summer and we just sat around and rapped with the guys in the group. I really enjoyed that experience. Eric told me late that Summer that they were going to be starting an L.U. Program and they were going to be hiring more Classification staff. He encouraged me to apply which I did that Fall and that's how I came to work here. But I hadn't worked in corrections at all before I came to Springhill.

David: Did you enter a competition for the Classification position before you began work here in January 1973, and if so how many others were in the competition?

Susan: Yes, there was a competition and there were six of us involved. They were hiring two people at the time and Chris Murphy and I got the appointments.

David: As a woman, do you think you are up against any special odds applying for a position in such a male dominated setting?

Susan: No, I don't think so. I think it actually worked the other way around. I don't know if this is true or not but I remember at the time Eric telling me that the Penitentiary Service was interested in hiring more women. He thought that the fact that I was a woman would probably be to my benefit rather than to my detriment. I don't mean to say that the people here at Springhill were keyed on hiring a woman but apparently in Ottawa this was something that had been decided as policy; they wanted to involve more women.

David: Can you give us a description of the role the Classification Officer plays within the Living Unit Program?

Susan: Well, under the old system I gather that the Classification people did a lot of what the L.U.1's do now and the main change for the Classification Officers was that they removed themselves from direct involvement with inmates. I saw my role within the Unit as being one of trying to help the L.U.1's to become better counsellors, doing that through a lot of joint interviewing and if they were having a problem with a certain inmate, trying to give them some direction in terms of things they could try with the inmate. Also, I think being available for decisions and recommendations that are made in the Unit, like sitting on all the different boards being there to give your opinions on how things should be and then trying to develop programs in the Units themselves. It was hard sometimes to find the time to do that. I definitely saw that as part of my role, trying to get new things going in the Units. We had a few group T.L.A.'s that we had a few guys go out on. At one time I was bringing in films from the National Film Board for people to see. I had a short-term small group of guys that just wanted to talk about themselves and their problems. At another point I had a group of guys who were interested in learning more about drugs and I got some films in on that and we had discussions afterwards. So, I think the role of the Classification Officer lies in developing programs in the Unit and helping L.U.1's to become better counsellors, and also being available for crisis things too, I think.

David: Susan, can you give us a description of the L.U.1 job classification and compare that to the Classification position?

Susan: Yes, I feel that the L.U.1 is the most important person in terms of

the inmate when he's here. I always tell the guys over in Reception when I go there that they should make sure they get to know who their Range Officer is and let their Range Officer get to know them. I see the Range Officer as being the key person and the one that should be the first person involved in anything that concerns the inmates on his case-load, whether it's buying anything from his Trust Fund or Parole Application, work shift or whatever. The Range Officer is there to help the inmate with whatever the inmate wants help with. If it's something he feels he cannot handle himself then he would go to the Classification Officer and say, "Well, okay, I'm not sure, maybe you should see this fellow about this." He should be available for concrete things like Trust Fund or Visiting List and also for problems that the guy might be having in terms of his family or if he is having trouble with his work area, somebody is there that he knows he can go to talk to about these things. And then of course there are all the reports to do with the inmates on his case load, the L.U.1 is the main one who does that. The difference I would say between the L.U.1 and Classification person is that the L.U.1 has much more direct involvement with the inmates than the Classification person does.

David: Are the Classification and L.U. staff involved in the Parole process?

Susan: Yes, I would say definitely. The way that we started in the Living Unit Program was that contact with outside agencies would be handled by the Classification people rather than the L.U.1's. The reason for that was, like especially say with Parole Service, that when you have twelve L.U.1's in the Unit and if they were to be the main liason with the Parole Service, it would get quite difficult for them to know who was involved with what case; whereas if you only have the two Classification Officers it seems to be easier. So anyway, when I was in the Living Unit, I would be the one to phone the Parole Service or if they had a question about an inmate they would phone me. I think more and more though that the L.U.1's are becoming involved in that contact. They would phone-up if they have some questions about what's happening to a guy's application or something like that. I think it's changing from what it used to be like. In the actual Institutional Report that's done-up for Parole the Range Officer does the first page of the report and the Classification Officer does the second page. So, they're involved in the actual report and of course at the Board Hearing they are there.

David: Do you feel that the Parole Ser-

vice and the Parole Board take the recommendations of the Classification Officer and the L.U.l's into serious consideration?

Susan: Yes, I would say they do. I think we had some difficulties in that area when the Regional Parole Board first started in Atlantic Region. A lot of people felt that the Parole Board really didn't take account too much of what the Institution had to say. But I think they came to realize that it is important what the Institution has to say. I say that because after the July Board I had feed-back from Classification people saying that it was obvious during the Hearing that the Board had read the Institutional Reports and they had questions relating to the Reports. I think they came to see that the Reports are important but that wasn't always true.

David: What do you think accounted for this change in their thinking?

Susan: I really don't know what accounts for the change. I would say that it was probably related to just them learning their new jobs. I mean, they had never been Parole Board members before, so they were starting a new job and that it probably developed through coming every month to the Hearings and getting to know the staff here as well as the Parole Service staff. It was just a sort

of learning process for them.

David: As a Classification Officer were there any special problems related to the fact that you are a woman?

Susan: I would say that there were a lot of people in the Institution who had a lot reservations about a woman coming into a prison to work. But once I got here I can't really say I ran into any problems in terms of people preventing me from doing my work or giving me a hard time, especially in the Unit where I got to know the staff very well. I felt that I was very much accepted by them and the fact that I was a woman didn't make it more difficult for me to do my job. I would say there are still a lot people who have the opinion that women shouldn't be in a prison but it never affected me in my ability to do my job.

David: Do you know the rationale behind the thinking that it is inappropriate for women to work in a mens' prison?

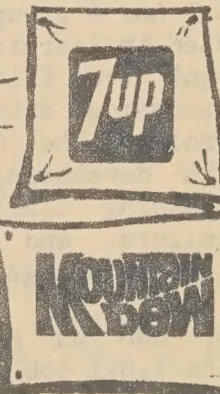
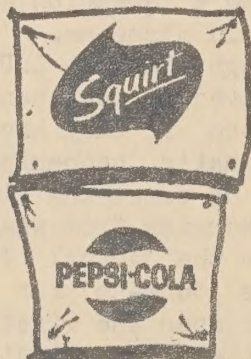
Susan: I don't really know because no one ever said to me directly, you know, "Jesus, what are you doing working in a place like this." I don't know, I would just have to guess that maybe it has to do with, "Well, this is a mans' environment you know and it's no place for women to work."



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David: What about the inmate population, were there any incidents which could be attributed to the presence of a female officer?

Susan: Nothing. I have never been afraid of walking around here unescorted. The only time I can remember it sort of hitting me what the possibilities could be was when the woman was killed in the B.C. Pen. You know, when that happened that was a pretty heavy thing. For a couple of days it crossed my mind, geez, that could happen anywhere. We are so open here, it would be so easy, but I've never been afraid and I've never had any incident with any of the inmates here. Some people sometimes shout obscene things at me but you know that's something I think you have to expect. No matter if you're male or female, it's bound to happen from time to time, if you work in prison.

David: Did the inmates have any problems accepting you here since it was a totally new situation having a female on the Unit staff?

Susan: No, none that I was aware of. Of course it's hard to say, like I don't

know what it would have been like if I was a man coming in. I have nothing to compare with but I often felt that maybe I had an advantage with the inmates being a woman. We would get together to do their four to six week follow-up or just to talk. Because I am a woman I think maybe it was easier for a guy to open up than it would be for them with a man. I don't know whether that is actually fact or not but I never found with the inmates any particular problems along those lines. It's kind of strange, when I first arrived in the Unit it was kind of weird for the staff and inmates but after awhile things settled into place.

David: What position are you presently filling, Susan?

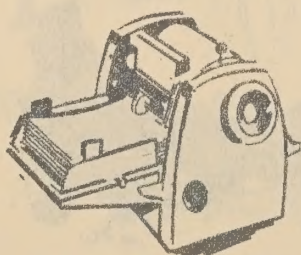
Susan: Right now I'm Acting Head of the Living Units. It's just an acting position, they can't fill it permanently because Willie Gibbs went to Ottawa on an acting basis, which means that Bob Childs is filling his position on an acting basis and I'm filling Bob Childs position on an acting basis. So, until something definite is decided about Willie's position his position here can't

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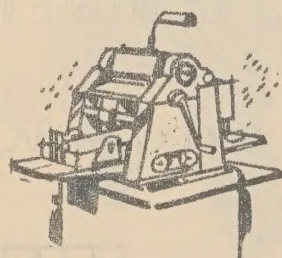
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be filled on a permanent basis.

David: What kind of work is involved as Head of the Living Units, is it a co-ordinating position?

Susan: No, I wouldn't say it's a co-ordinating position. There is a difference I think in what it is and what it is supposed to be. There is a lot of paper work involved which takes up a lot of time. The Head of Living Units is supposed to be available to give direction and supervision to the Living Unit and Reception staff and to be involved in staff training. I've tried since I've been up here to get down to the Living Units at least once a week for something or other, a Range Meeting or T.L.A. Board. But it's difficult to do that because of the paper work and the dealing with the crisis situations that arise. Basically though, it's to give direction and supervision to the Living Unit and Reception Programs.

David: Have there been any problems or obstacles that arise from time to time that keep you from realizing the objectives of your position?

Susan: Well, the main barrier is that I think there's too much work for one person to do in this job. It just entails too much, there's not enough time to establish new directions. If we want some guidelines we are the people that are going to have to develop them.

David: What is your personal view of the Canadian Penitentiary System, do you think it's functioning the way it should be? What changes do you think should be instituted which would possibly make things a hell of a lot better for everyone concerned?

Susan: Well, that's a pretty big question alright. I really don't think that I could say anything about the C.P.S. in general. Yeah, it would be hard for me to comment on the C.P.S. in general because I really don't have any experience except with Springhill. I've never been inside or seen Dorchester or the Farm Annex in operation, or any other institutions in other parts of Canada. I think that Springhill is certainly in the forefront, at least this is the impression I get talking to people who have been away on courses in other parts of Canada. Springhill is considered to be the model institution in terms of the Living Unit Program. Like, we've gone further than any other institution, I think, in implementing the Program. I think that things could be a lot better here, that's for sure. I think that the L.U.1 staff should have more training available for them so they can develop their skills. I think that there needs to be more opportunities for them to move ahead because right now it's sort of a dead-end street for them. After a while that begins to affect their morale. I don't know, I think we are on the right track but we certainly have a long way to go. I think we could be doing a better job than we are doing in terms of helping inmates but I think the Living Unit Program is the way. I like that concept and I think that it has potential to be even more effective than it has already been. I would say staff training is the key thing that we need in order to move ahead with the Program.

David: There's been a lot of talk recently about Diversion in the criminal justice process. What are your views on Diversion and in particular do you think the penitentiary can have an effect in instituting Diversion programs outside

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Susan: I am very much in favor of the idea of Diversion. I really don't feel that a lot of guys who come to Springhill need to be in this kind of a setting and I would like to see the justice system get into that much more than they are into it now. I don't know what kind of role we could play in that. The way things are set up now I would see that as being more developed more through Probation people because they're usually involved with the guy before he ever gets to the penitentiary. I think Diversion would have to come from them working with others to try to make sure that guys don't come to places like Springhill unless there's really no other alternative for them. Perhaps under the thing that people are talking about now, the Federal Correctional Agencies, wherein Parole Service and Penitentiary Service would come under one agency and I think that if that ever happens one of the things that they could be involved with would be Diversion.

David: I've heard that Canada has the highest ratio of prisoners per capita in the Western World. What do you think of the role prisons play in Canadian society?

Susan: Well, I think prisons will always be necessary. I think that there are some people that we simply can't help and are a danger to society. They have to be segregated in some way so that people will be protected from them. I think that there are a lot of guys that need to have the security of the prison setting; that we could develop

more community resources for them on the street. A lot of guys would not have to come to prison; they could get help in other ways, Half-way Houses and programs within the community, rather than coming to prison. I think that we are definitely moving in that direction. That's one of the things this F.C.A. is stressing; the idea of community based resources rather than prisons and the prisons being used for people who really need to be segregated or kept away from society behind bars. But there are people who don't need that kind of segregation and they would be able to go to other places rather than coming to a prison.

David: I haven't heard of any proposals for new Half-way Houses or Residential Centers but I have heard of plans of constructing three new prisons in the Atlantic Region. What makes you think that the C.P.S. is moving in the direction of utilizing community based resources rather than prisons when these new plans indicate otherwise?

Susan: Well, it's true that those are the plans for the Atlantic Region. I'm not quite sure how many more institutions they are going to build. I know there are plans for building a Regional Medical Center which I think we have a need for because there are a lot of people who require psychiatric attention and we just don't have the facilities here nor at Dorchester to give them the kind of help they need. But as I understand it, the other two institutions are to replace Dorchester; that Dorchester would eventually be completely closed down.

(continued on inside back cover)

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MAKIN' OUT:



'SUNDAY'

by JOHN ETTINGER

SUNDAYS ARE ALWAYS ROUGH. AS USUAL, EDDIE WASN'T FRUGAL ENOUGH TO PUT A little taste aside from the last bundle or any extra cash for cab fare. So, if there was anything available, it would be a bitch finding the connection, as they too spend Sunday with the family, just like all good citizens. With all this in mind he descended into the People's convenience for the ride uptown; determined not to endure a sick Sunday. Eddie admired the quality of the multi-colored, graffiti covered train as it pulled into the station -- he wondered why the cops spent so much time and energy attempting, however lamely, to bust the subway artists. After all, the kids were beautifying the city and gave the tourists something to tell the folks about back in Sioux City. He'd heard that a prestigious art school in Boston had awarded several scholarships to some of the "writers," as the graffitiists refer to themselves. One of the boys was interviewed by a local newsman, who asked, "Now that you have the scholarship, how do you like working on canvas as opposed to subway cars?"

The youth replied, "I like deh canvas beddeh, cause now I don' hafta worry 'bout deh Man chasin' me, an' I can concentrate beddeh."

When he surfaced uptown, his antennae were poised and ready as he was now in "their" territory. He quickly ran through a mental security check and battle plan. However, he hadn't armed himself, as he didn't own a pistol and a gravity knife is no match for a Harlem cowboy who thinks he's Jesse James. Best to just be careful and rely on street-sense. "Jeez, I must stick out like an Eskimo in Hell, everyone and his uncle must know why I'm here -- I certainly don't come up here 'cause the fried chicken and ribs are so good." He usually thought this on his trips uptown but he always returned. Eddie knew from instinct and experience that the situation warranted acting super cool and on guard at all times from a possible two-pronged attack; some dude more strung out than himself and desperate to take someone off, and of course, The Man.

He made it over to the Avenue to find the super fly type he'd been copping from the past few weeks. At times like this he wished all these leather-clad guys didn't look so much alike. He knew he had to be wary and couldn't just approach anyone. "Shit, half of 'em think I'm The Man, and the other half are stone beat artists, swearing on their mother the stuff is a smoker, or at the very least righteous, with their usual rap '....be careful when you do this, my man....' -- Yeah sure, Jack!"

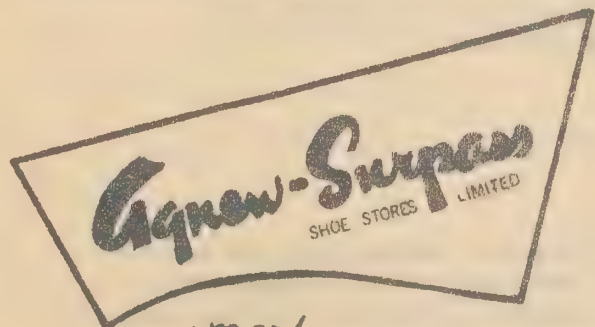


His gut began giving him that certain special signal; now is the time, which prompted a frenetic search of the neighborhood. Several tours of the area proved fruitless, and Eddie was tempted to pack it in. Momentarily, just for an instant, he caught himself wondering if it's all worth it, but the urge to get high quickly dispersed these thoughts, as he spotted Candy Man slipping from the bar across the street.

Candy Man is a slender, black man in his 30's though at times he may look older and act younger. He has a Chameleon-like face which adapts itself to an appropriate mood or situation. His smile reveals one gold tooth acquired in his youth, but he now considers it strictly "country." Candy Man comes packaged in a three-quarter length leather jacket and co-ordinated suede cap. There is one incongruous element to his attire; black low cut sneakers. He is the epitome of the street-wise ghetto hustler, cool, smooth, and bold. So, Eddie slides over to him as cool as can be, but few words are exchanged as one would expect from friends meeting by chance in the street. The well rehearsed script calls for Eddie to wait in the bar and nurse a drink while Candy Man goes round the corner to pick up.

The bar is a hip spade joint, with not much light, but plenty of sound and activity. On the wall behind the bar is a zodiac poster with a couple depicted in various sexual postures and unions, to accompany the twelve signs. Working the bar is Margueritte, the owner's daughter, a foxy light skinned chick in her late 20's. She mixes Eddie his usual prop, V.O. and soda, shoots him a "how ya doin'," doesn't wait for a reply, and splits to the end of the bar to be near the juke box. Two teenage girls are dancing to Al Green blasting from the box. Eddie sips at his drink and contemplates the girls' asses, which are classic specimens. They seem to be going every which way and Eddie's thoughts drift off on a tangent, as to how spade chicks' behinds stick out and up in such an appealing and functional way. Meanwhile in the back, J. D., the owner and several regulars are discussing their personal theories on playing the numbers. J. D. prefers to scan the newspapers for statistics on plane crashes and holiday death tolls on the nations highways. Some of the other men adhere to the standard methods, birthdays, anniversaries, or license plate numerals. J. D. digs relating the tale of when a jumbo jet went down right in the middle of Brooklyn and half the neighborhood played 136 -- the number of fatalities. The number hit and several local bankers nearly went broke because of the tragedy. For a few moments the performance of the younger dudes, jiving and sounding one another over a game of eight-ball holds Eddie's attention, but, time drags -- he knows though -- first thing you learn is that you always got to wait. There's still no sign of Candy Man so he has another drink; it doesn't do his stomach much good but helps take the edge off. An hour and a half go by and finally, Candy Man bops back into the bar and is really pinned, stoned to the bone. He gives Eddie a quick nod and they slip into Candy Man's "office," to take care of business. The exchange is made quickly by deft hands conditioned to this particular motion. Eddie doesn't bother asking if it's the same stuff Candy Man just did -- he knows the script -- "...it's a smoker, be cool...."

Now, it's time to move. Going back downtown, Eddie feels better already, knowing the tight little bundle is safe in his pocket. When he returns to his place and starts preparing for the ritual, he's just like a kid on Christmas morning opening his presents. This particular Sunday has been a success -- the ritual was completed -- Eddie's straight -- the foray into hostile foreign territory was rather ordinary and uneventful. He can sit back, light up a cigarette, feel satisfied, and look forward to the next performance.....on Monday!



Where smart styles Originate

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AMHERST N.S.

HOURS

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Friday	9 - 9.00
Saturday	9 - 5.30

THIS LIFE, THESE WORDS

Usually from the visitor's room I catch a glimpse of him approaching. There are windows there. I can see out. Slim in his wrinkly blue work shirt, he comes walking through the concrete yard. He walks briskly, seeming to shrug his shoulders and slouch, or possibly wince, at the same time.

Then somewhere out of sight around the corner, the guards indulge in their demeaning ritual. Search. Something might be concealed.

"Linda and I slept in his upstairs bedroom. And under the mattress was the gun. I had fooled around with it and showed it to Linda, putting a banana clip on it.

Soon after I was driving in the city when Mac flagged me down in front of the bar we drank at and asked me to follow him. I felt uneasy. We stopped at this vacant lot and I got out to talk, leaving Linda alone in the car."

Then he appears at the end of a corridor. We can see each other, but are too far away to speak. So he waves and tosses his hair back as he walks toward me.

"Mac took me over to his car and opened the trunk. Inside was the Italian submachinegun. He started yelling and swearing at me."

We talk with animation. He is full of stories. I tell about school, about things on the outside, about my own life. Sharp-gestured, his eyes changeable, he has at certain moments an odd way of talking, without getting inside his words.

"I was living in the South End with this chick Sandy who hustled for me. We both had long habits to support. Sandy and I shared a room together in a rooming house that was rather strange. Not one person I ever met there had a legal means of support. And they were violent."

I wonder as we are settling into being together,
Should I be sermonizing, exhorting?

- Will you stay out next time?

- Do you really want to quit?

I stick to casual conversation, not wanting the visit to become a well-turned phrase:

'I am going to visit my former student,
who is now in prison.'

How do-goody. Everyone nods soberly. Devotion. Commitment. Social conscience. All that says nothing of this room, or of our conversation, or of my former student,
who is twenty-one,
who is an addict,
who is now in prison for armed robbery
for five to ten years.

"I thought that I knew violence, having been in reform school at thirteen, and been weaned on a systematic show of violence and brutality. But nothing had ever prepared me for these people."

The visitors' room is crowded today. All around me are murderers chatting with their wives and sweethearts. Their little kids are running up and down. Two hundred of the men here are doing life, he says. He likes to tell me those sorts of statistics, and point out the local Mafiosi, and the kingpins of dope and liquor smuggling, and the people he'd like to kill.

"Jeanie had slit her wrists! She looked dead, and I was positive she was. I can remember slowly letting go of my grasp of reality. It was all my fault and I knew it, just as surely as if I had cut her myself.

I looked for my gun to make things even, but I had left it upstairs. I tried to take Sunny's piece away from him, but he whacked me over the head with it."

I want to shout at him, "Choose, choose on the side of life! Next time, can you?"

"I came to crying soon after. I was sobbing like a madman and trying to remember what happened. Slowly it came back to me and I nearly went into convulsions by swallowing my tongue. The bathroom was full of blood but no Jeanie.

Marco came walking in then and told me that Sunny and Sandy had taken Jeanie to Boston City and that she was going to live."

I recall a person who caught the nuances of feeling in what we read, in what happened among us in that classroom, with a certain innate delicacy of soul.

Who is that person? Is that the person here, in the room with me?

Write it all down, I had told him then. Write about it. Write everything.

Perhaps I hoped he would be redeemed by the word, even as I hope for myself.

At last outside. Key in the lock. Drive away. He has already returned to the inner parts of the prison, which I have never seen.

I dream of words that have inside them silences.
I open the words and eat the silences.
I become the silences.

Then I can say what the walls say
and what the great metal sliding doors say
and what the yellow visitors' passes
where I never check 'blood relative' say.

Otherwise, I can say nothing.

Harriet Feinberg
and Friend

J'ESPÈRE

La pluie tombe doucement sur ma fenêtre
 ruisselant dans mes pensées
 frissonnant mes lèvres de chanter.
Les lueurs pâles de la nuit traversent la chambre
 éclairant à peine les images
 rechauffant guère mon âme -- mon visage.
Le temps s'écoule, et me voilà encore attendre
 tes lèvres, de voir tes yeux sourire,
 ton bonheur, ma joie, ma raison de vivre.

I WAIT

Rain dropping softly against my window
 spilling through my thoughts
 bursting my lips to whispers.
Pale nightly hues flow across the room
 reflecting barely the images
 warming scarcely my spirit -- my face.
Time lingers, and here I still await
 your lips, to see your eyes smiling,
 your joy, my happiness, my reason for being.

Carm Gallant

DOING TIME

Flower Flower in my head
Takes me closer to my bed
Pillow Pillow on my bed
Takes the flower from my head
Flies Flies in my cell
Wishing they would go to Hell
Wishing Wishing all to Hell
Lying in this Dreary Cell
Time Time, doing Time
Making up this Silly Rhyme
Doing time by Making Rhyme
Time Time, Doing Time

Ruby

AUTUMN

Turn color thief
then drift away
to thy demise
upon the sands of time

How dare you steal
the silent warmth
of sun and rain
that ye yourself
might be.

So green the leaves
before ye came
to write thee names
upon the limb,

Repent I say
then slip away
and set the summer free.

John D. Sangster

jack-in-the - box

he inherited the chips
from his mother's shoulders. his pride
was stillborn, a glass of beer
that needed salt
to get a head. his father
didn't want him, and when
he was born, his father
put him away in a box
to be played with on occasion
when occasion required.
for clothing he wore a regiment of
laughter and scorn and always always
smiles that were limp
and wan. his friends
were as small as he
smaller in fact, and knew him for what
he was: for what he tried to be.
when occasion required
his friends brought him out of his box
used him accordingly,
and when tiring, and growing afraid,
put him away. they knew, too much,
the power of fools.

THE BLIND

the blind in america are the rich.

they do not walk the alleyways; instead

they doublepark on busy avenues.

they put their friendships in their billfolds.

when they lose them,

they switch banks,

or blame the passerby. blame is handy in this

reich. whether in peace or war

it is better than morality,

which is always mortal. the rich

are timeless; they are asking

the time of day,

during the time of night. the rich could see

if they wanted to, were it not

for the inconveniences

afforded by blame. and when revolution comes?

where will the rich be?

perhaps at their bank, asking the time.

.. Wilson Stapleton

THE ARREST

(a christmas carol)

the police caught up with us
and there beneath their hands
on the snow covered parking lot
we became mute pliable roses
for their wives

basketballs for their sons
pop-records for their daughters
colour T.V. for the whole family

Christmas presents
finally piled high in the back seat
of the patrol car.

Don Domanski

(prev. pub.
in Dalhousie
Review)

POYLS OF



WISDOM

by Parahamster Donut and Dindon (Hewhohewho comes in the flush)

GREETINGS BON AMI. THE WIZARD HAS RETURNED FROM THE UNPLACE IN THE SKY. THE sacred chariot of Truth and Other Fables is come. O YE O YE O YE, children of the dust, the boyd is riz. Prepare a love-seat in your cavity for the breath of lunacy, light a candle on the cosmetic porthole, await the phantom.

MORSEL MADNESS

The many disturbances of Kharmel in the Food Shrine are merely demonstrations of a shrinking ego. This is because there can be no real problem with the rations. All are applying the magnetic principle that holds the universe together.... Wallpaper Glue. This diet is designed to produce thought - free digestion. The body becomes accustomed to eating the same and has no need to digest this food. Gastric indecision causes preoccupation with matters of distaste.

WORKOUTWORKOUT

To arrange the package in the position of the sunflower one must walk daily, in a circular pattern, in the sunshine. Concentrate all the energy on the navel and imagine blooming outward. The arms and legs will blossom out of their own accord. This exercise is good for feigning the symptoms of hepatitis or jaundice.

DIVINEMESSAGE

All must flee to the palace of fantasy. Enough talk of spiritual enlightenment, more than enough, Throw down the Tao, Cast aside the Koran, Shove the Upanishads, Discard the Gita, Break away from Love, Tim leary is a Madman, Baba rammed ass is a Fool; all these spin a cocoon about the mind.

We must purge the soul and body of the desire to be one. Lose the urge to seek truth, cut the cord, snip the string, flee the bosom of the earth mother; step boldly into madness, look not back nor ahead.

PROFUNDITY OF THE MONTH

I told you so.

BACK ALLEY LORD

by Chuley

IN THE SPRAWLING CONCRETE JUNGLE OF LOS ANGELES THE POLICE NO LONGER TRY TO prevent crime or even control it. In some districts they respond reluctantly when called on and sometimes not at all, for they fear ambush by snipers. Their duties have become inane desk jobs, where they are swamped by an infusion of paper work for crimes that were committed two or three years ago. All these subpoenas, warrants, and paper work have caused a paralysis in a protective system within the law and in turn have created a demand for a protective system outside the law. Thus begins the lucrative business known as "Fencing." This business is an exclusive service for the elite, illegal, and those who depend on immediate action instead of years of court proceedings. Fencers worry little about being reported to the law. Their customers are usually outside the law and neither can run to a law from which they are fugitives.

A good fencing organization always has a tight front, a few thugs, an investigative force, and a few extras when needed. One of the most needed extras includes a small gang of teenagers. The gang is given some nominal pay every week with empty promises of advancement. These gangs are usually composed of kids from the scanty areas of East L.A., so the small pay is enough to cause some competition within the gang. But, the promise of advancement is enough to encourage other gangs to test the strength of the chosen group, who are usually the strongest in the area. So it is that these gangs are constantly engaged in a contest for the organization's attention. Although the organization doesn't feel totally euphoric about these squabbles, neither do they exert a great amount of energy to stop them.

"Associates Enterprises, could you hold please?" The secretary pushed the hold button on the phone before anyone could object. She then turned and pushed the button on the inter-com to her boss' office. "Mister Crayton, there's a Mister Willis from Cardinal Aviation to talk to you on line-two."

"Thank you Miss Stevens," came the crisp reply. "Who's that on hold?"

"I don't know yet sir, but I'll find out." Again she turned to the phone on her huge oak desk.

Miss Crystal Stevens, twenty-two, single, intelligent, petite, and looking as if she had just stepped from the pages of a fashion magazine. The office, a plush elegant room with deep piled, gold, wall-to-wall carpeting, and enough plants to make the room look like a tropical jungle.

"May I help you sir," she said in her naturally honey coated voice that seemed to seduce in a businesslike manner.

"Well now, that depends. Do you deliver or do you play hard to get?"

"Johnny, where are you? The boss has been asking for you."

Johnny Dugan, twenty-six, Junior-partner in Associates Enterprises, good humored, well mannered, well built, a ladies man, and a literati on crime, having graduated from U.S.C. with a degree in Criminology.

"You didn't answer my question Stevens."

"Didn't I deliver last night Johnny?"

"You did, but I want to know about tonight."

"Oh Johnny, I can't go out with you tonight, my sister just came into town this morning," she said, openly showing the disappointment in her voice.

Johnny knew that his appetite for Crystal was met by her desire for him with equal zeal, although neither of them had mentioned it aloud as of yet. He also knew that she would be glad to go out with him if she could but he enjoyed teasing her. "GOOD! Then we can have a three-some."

"Johnny!" she exclaimed in a shocked voice, "Would you say that to your brother if he came into town and I wanted to go out on the same night?"

"No, I think I would say...." At this he put on his best James Cagney voice and imitated, "Awright ya dirty brotha, ya killed me rat an' now ya gonna get yaws, so come out wid ya hands up an' ya pants down or ah'll blast ya."

Crystal burst into a fit of machine gun laughter. Not one of her courtesy laughs that she had to give some of the more important clients when they told a real sad joke but a real laugh. That was one of the reasons why she liked Johnny so much. She could always have real down-to-earth fun with him. At this time she saw the line-two light flash off. "Johnny I have to go," she said, while trying to suppress a giggle. "I'll get you through to Mister Crayton just as soon as I can." She pressed the hold button before Johnny could say anything and turned to the inter-com, "Mister Crayton, Mister Dugan on line-one."

Mister William Crayton, forty, good physical condition, successful businessman, graduate of U.C.L.A., where he majored in Business Administration, happily married family man, and reported to be well off.

"Thank you Miss Stevens." He reached over and pressed the button for line-one. "Johnny, where have you been?"

"Taking care of biz chief."

"Well look, Dan from Cardinal Aviation called to find out about his cargo. Have you found anything?"

"Yeah Bill, I found out why he called us instead of the law. He's running guns."

"That's none of our business Johnny, just find out where it is so we can get it back."

"I did, it's in a warehouse in a Long Beach shipping yard."

"Great, when can you get the Lords together to get the cargo back?"

"I'll try for tonight Bill. By the way, did you hear that one of our boys was hit last night?"

"No, I didn't, what happened?"

"He was one of the new kids, got beat-up in an alley. He's at Community Hospital now."

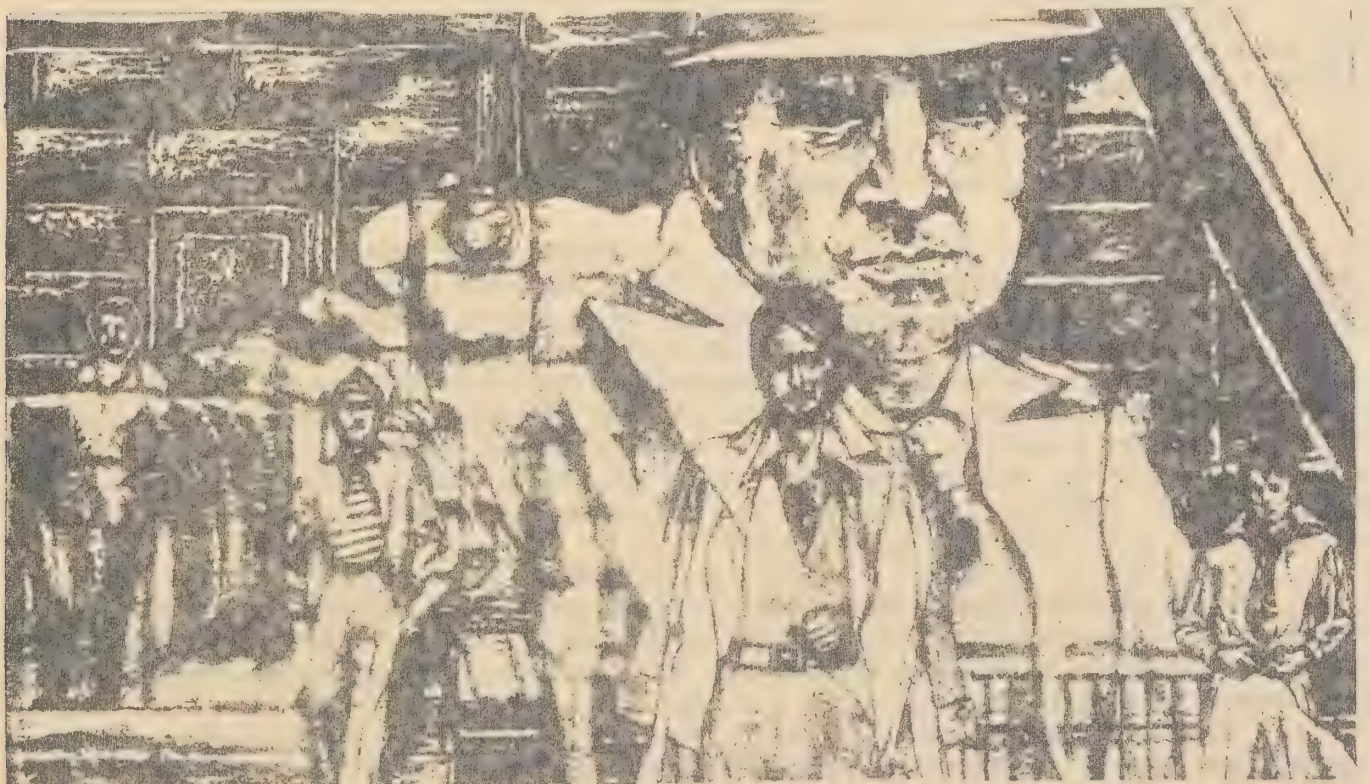
"Hmmm, that's too bad. Why don't you keep him on the payroll if he isn't laid up for too long; if he is then just replace him."

"Okay Bill, is that all?"

"Uh yeah, I think so Johnny. Just take care of that cargo for me as soon as you can, okay?"

"Will do Bill."

The night was young but dark as the full moon could only peep through the ominous rain clouds occasionally. Darell was sitting on the sofa near the window of Liz's apartment. Liz was busy sewing his name on the front of the purple jacket he had inherited along with his membership to the Lords. He sat mesmerized by the window showing only the black night and the rhythmic reflection of the flashing neon lights from down the street. Darell was remembering how happy he was when he had been accepted into the Lords. It would mean a little risk but it also meant extra money and in the low-rent district of East L.A., money meant a lot, a lot more than a little risk.



Liz's voice was soft though it sounded like a blast from a fog horn in contrast to the quiet of the apartment, shattering his thoughts and pushing him back to his present disagreeable situation with her. He looked up at her with dismay, wondering what she had said.

"Is it okay?" Liz repeated as she held his jacket in front of him. His name was written on the front, just over the left breast pocket with white thread, "DARELL."

"Turn it around," he told her.

She did and again asked, "Is it okay?"

Across the back of the jacket in big bold letters was written, "LORDS." He sat looking at it, succumbing to a surge of pride and a feeling of importance. He had reason for these feelings for the Lords hadn't been placed on the payroll of a fencing team because of their feebleness. On the contrary, they were a hard bunch and the strongest group in their district, which had to be the roughest district in L.A.

"Is it awright," Liz reiterated, allowing a tinge of impatience to slip into her voice.

"It's fine," he said finally and simply. Liz seemed more afraid for him than she was angry at him, as she had been trying to dissuade him from joining the Lords. She finally gave up after a short altercation and was now acting in a cold docile manner, which was characteristic of her when she had to give into something she didn't understand or care for. She handed him the jacket and walked back to the table to replace the needle and thread into a small cigar box.

He had known Liz for a little over a year and they were to be married in two months. Tonight they were going to attend Darell's initiation ceremony with the other members of the Lords. This was to be his first job and he was nervous. During the party they were to leave in a van that would be parked nearby, supplied by the fencing company, break into a warehouse, and take sixteen crates marked, "CARD-AVI." Later they were to return the van to where they had found it and return to the party.

He reached into his pocket for a cigarette and fished out an empty pack. The candy store at the corner was closed but "Angelo's" on the next block would be open until ten. He wanted to get out of the apartment for a bit of fresh air, so standing up he walked over behind Liz and stood still for a moment. When she didn't turn around he said, "Liz." She didn't answer, just stood there meticulously spinning the white thread around the spool. The sweet fragrance of her freshly bathed body began to arouse him. He placed his hands on her hips and kissed the nape of her neck. She stopped winding the thread. He said, "Liz, I've made up my mind and nothing you say or do is going to change it. Now why don't you just accept that and quit being a drag. I'd like to have a good time tonight."

She turned suddenly and hugged his neck bursting into tears as if the wall she had been hiding her emotions behind had finally given way to her affection for him. He let her cry for a minute and stood there with his arms around her, feeling her warm firm breasts against his chest. They held one another in silence, listening to the torrents of drenching rain, which had begun only moments earlier.

"It's getting late," he said finally, feeling in total command. "You don't have to go to the party if you don't want to," he said, knowing full well that she did. "But I'd like you to," he added.

She loosened her hold on his neck and looked deep into his face with an expression of tender devotion and said, "I don't want you to join the Lords, Darell, but I know you're going to anyway. I guess all I can do is make the best of it."

"Good, then you go get ready and I'll go buy a pack of cigarettes from Angelo's. I'll be back in about fifteen minutes." They kissed, a slow passionate kiss as he felt the softness of her skin through the thin silky material and thought "What more could a man ask for than the love of a good woman." Then he turned and walked to the sofa; she watched him as he put on his new purple jacket, as if he were a warrior donning his armour. She called to him when he reached the door and asked, "What would you like me to wear?"

He turned and viewed her with an appreciative look, making her blush as he noticed her semi-nude form through her revealing negligee. Liz's young trim body had a radiant glow of health, afforded to her not from afternoons on tennis courts but from a life of hard work.

"Your blue dress would do fine," he said as he walked out relishing the memory of her shapely legs and how the dress accentuated her blue eyes and blond hair.

"I love you, you creep!" she called out after him as the door closed.

He descended the dusky stairs, smelling the acrid odor of cat litter, while scanning the paint chipped walls. The wooden stairs creaked under his weight and he heard the unintelligible yells of the Puerto Rican couple down the hall. Darell felt a sudden urgent need to become an aggressive member of the Lords, in order to gain rank, prestige, and pay. He didn't want Liz to live in these degrading surroundings, the very same they both had grown up in. He walked out onto the small porch of the dingy building and began a brisk pace down the alley, which led to the street about one hundred and fifty feet beyond. The rain beat down on him but he seemed not to notice it as he sauntered on deep in thought. He had walked about half-way down the alley when two dark figures jumped out from behind a disarray of over-turned trash cans. He couldn't see who they were as it was dark in the alley. Each figure grabbed an arm as a third casually strolled out from behind some empty boxes and stood defiantly in front of him. Without uttering a word, the sinister looking form raised his right arm until the hand was at shoulder height. There was a white object in his hand but it wasn't quite discernable in the dark and Darell didn't know what it was until he heard that infamous click and saw the sparkle of the blade. He stood there as if struck by apoplexy as the scene hit him all at once in an explosion of understanding. The figures, the blade, what they said, "That's for you Lord."

The words rang in his ears as he felt a sharp pain in his stomach and then an agonizing rip across to the other side. He felt all his strength drain from his body as the other two released his arms. He fell to his knees clutching his stomach, then rolled to his side. "That's for you Lord."

But why? The Saints didn't know him and he didn't know any of the Saints. They couldn't have had anything personal against him. He could feel the warm blood running through his fingers. He tried to move but felt fire burn through his entire body. He lay still thinking, "Liz will come looking for me in a while. All I have to do is lie still." The rain washed the fire from his body, as he laid his cheek on the cement, feeling it's coolness on his face. He could hear the swishing of tires from passing cars in the rain drenched street at the end of the alley. Just then someone came running into the alley. Darell couldn't move but could see by the light of a passing car that it was a girl holding a newspaper over her head and a guy holding her elbow. They ducked into the covered porch. Darell tried to call out but all he could manage was a moan, which was drowned out by the rain.

"Whooo, what a night," said the man as he shook the lapels of his rain coat.

"Really, I haven't seen rain like this since the floods of '68." She seemed to hesitate for just a moment and then continued. "Jim, I'd ask you up but Dad is probably home by now and you know how Dad is when I come home late," she said apologetically.

"No sweat sweetheart, so long as we still have that date for Saturday."

There was a long silence and Darell understood. Suddenly he longed for Liz. Where was Liz?

"Jim, please," the girl said.

"Sure, I'm sorry, I just got a little carried away. Well look, I'm gonna split, but I'll pick you up at seven-thirty on Saturday, okay?"

"Okay Jim, thank you."

"Sure thing sweetheart, bye."

"Bye."

Darell heard the footsteps fade and the girl go inside. He was alone again and he began to feel a chill. He also felt afraid and wondered for the first time if he might die. Yes, he could die. He could if he didn't get some help real soon. HE WAS DYING. He could sense death as the cold grip of fear engulfed his mind. A drowsiness that precluded a slumber he might well never awaken from, scared him. Again he heard the words, "That's for you Lord."

"But that's it!!" he thought.

"That's for you Lord."

That was it! They hadn't said, "That's for you Darell." They didn't even know his name. They hadn't stabbed him, Darell, they had stabbed the jacket. Hate for the jacket and everything it stood for began to well up inside him. A mental picture began to tear at his jacket and was then transferred to body motion. He began to wiggle and twist and squirm. He had found the motivation to move when a moment ago he was convinced that he couldn't. Again fire ripped through his body. The excruciating pain from the slightest movement was enough to make a man black-

out. But he wrestled and contorted his body until he was free of the jacket; exhausted and burning with a fever that left him a crumpled debilitated mass of flesh and bones. He was Darell again, he wasn't a Lord anymore and he no longer wanted to be. All he wanted was Liz and to be in the safeguard of her arms. "What more could a man ask for than the love of a good woman?"

Liz had tired of waiting for Darell and had gone out to look for him. Now she stood next to the officer with no expression on her face, in a non-believing state of shock. Darell was lying on his side with his eyes open and the jacket a few feet away. The cop picked up the jacket and said, "A Lord, huh?" and began writing in his pad.

"His name was Darell," Liz said in a small voice, as a silent tear ran down her cheek.

The cop looked at her for moment then continued writing. "His jacket says he was a Lord."

"His name was Darell."

Johnny was pulling his Porche into the parking lot of his office building as a newsman was announcing the gang slaying of a youth in East L.A. "So that's why the new kid didn't show up last night," Johnny thought out loud. He finished parking and got out. He stood there a moment wondering who the kid was. Then he shook his head in a sad gesture and walked off, making a mental note to mention to Bill that they should try to do something about these gang squabbles. It just didn't look good.

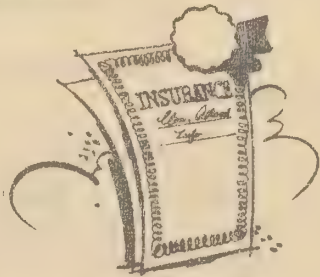
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DEC. 20th.



December twentieth marked a memorable Saturday as Sim Rushton, Gary Moore and Lawry and Mary McCleod appeared for the annual Christmas Variety Show. The gym was done-up in a festoon of balloons and crepe paper. On stage stood an enormous Christmas tree, adorned with the usual decor of luminous lights and brightly colored bulbs.

The evening began with the harmonious sounds of Lawry and Mary McCleod, a husband and wife team. Lawry played a rhythmic guitar, while both he and Mary sang such songs as "Bridge Over Troubled Water" and "Moon Shadow." The show, having started off with a positive air, brought out a confident Sim Rushton, as cheerful as a June day in Georgia.

Winter knocking persistently on the door decided the direction of the music to be towards warmer thoughts. Sim carried everyone away to the sultry mountains, traditionally traveled by "Oh Susannah" and left the well traversed trails of "Country Roads" littered with friendly Virginia trekkers. He then did the soft shoe of "Mr. Bo Jangles," leaving me to mourn for the dead dog, so realistically created by Jerry Jeff Walker and so professionally reproduced by Sim. But I was not to despair for long, as Sim soon abated my sorrows with the animated frolics of "The Yellow Submarine" and the memorable tunes of "Hey Jude," "Yesterday," "Hide Your Love Away" and "Norwegian Wood," all compiled expertly into one non-stop song.

As the night moved into the latter hours, the songs progressed to more up-to-date material. We all reminisced over "Time in a Bottle" and "The Piano Man," which had I been in a pub, I may

have been sulking my sorrows in a beer.

Sim seemed to have the ability to produce the necessary magic from his twelve string guitar to enchant his listeners by merely playing an arrangement of orchestral chords and picking in a fashion that would leave most Rock players finger-tied and envious of the versatility of his talent. His voice was of a quality that rang in your emotions after all song had ceased. If I were asked to describe Sim's voice, I think I would be compelled to compare it to a combination of Jim Croce and James Taylor, with an overtone of rough Jazz.

Little effort was needed by the performers to receive audience participation. As a matter of fact, such was the enthusiasm that some of the local talent was thrust on stage. The first local (more than willing to perform) was Ron "Flubby" Hodgson. The guys screamed their approval but after the fourth song I began to wonder how our guest would go about repossessing the microphone. But Sim looked very patient and followed Flubby's chords in amusement. It was finally Hugh Vinnicombe, who made amends and showed even more local talent with a short instrumental.

All concerned were having a great time but time ran out and Sim closed the evening by bringing everyone back out for a last number. If this performance was even a slight indication of what has been included in Sim Rushton's, soon to be released L.P., "From Me To You," then I for one would be happy to be a proud purchaser of this album, as I was left with an avid appetite for more of his vocal score.

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SATURDAY NIGHT CELEBRATIONS

by JERRY REMINGTON



SPRINGHILL -- Dennis Chipman, a dynamic young man, who, minutes earlier, spoke highly of past presidents of the Springhill Jaycees, received the surprise of his life Saturday at the Jaycees "Springhill Night" celebrations.

Mr. Chipman, National Corrections Program Chairman for Canada Jaycees, was guest speaker at the banquet which was highlighted by the awards presentations. However, Mr. Chipman had no idea that he would be the centre of attractions in the awards department.

The popular former Sackville, N.B. resident was presented with a numbered prison jacket by Marvin Armstrong of Kentville, Chairman of the Board, Canada Jaycees Atlantic Region. The Chairman stated that the jacket symbolized the presentation of the J.C.I. Senatorship

to Dennis Chipman. The Senatorship is the highest award presented in the Jaycees organization.

Dennis, an employee of St. Mary's University, joined the Jaycee movement five years ago and was active in the Moncton, Dorchester and Springhill Clubs while living in the area.

In his speech to over 200 guests and members of the Springhill Jaycees that were on hand in the Medium Security prison's gymnasium, Mr. Chipman said that it was in 1965 that the Jaycees got involved in Canadian prisons and it was early in 1971 that the Springhill group was organized.

The guest speaker said that his position with the Jaycees has taken him into every prison in Canada, but the

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Springhill club is his favorite. During his remarks, Mr. Chipman paid high tribute to past presidents of the Springhill club and referred to them as all close friends. "I can only recall one rip-off," said the speaker, "and that was when I lost my car and contents." He joked about the well remembered event and said that he was still good friends with the former president.

On the presentation of the Senatorship to Dennis Chipman, Mr. Armstrong referred to the recipient as a dynamic man. Fastball players in the Amherst area will always remember him as an En-Heat catcher, a backstop that gave ground to no man. A former competitor said that when you met Dennis on the field you "battled a tough competitor," and this aggressiveness continues in his work with the Jaycees.

Other highlights of the evening were the presentation of awards and certificates to various members of the Springhill club.

Presenting effective speaking course certificates was Don Oram, speaking course instructor. Receiving the certificates were Blair DeBaie, Jim Millen, Bill Fillis, Snoopy Hamilton, Harvey Hynes, Danny Bowser and Emile Killo.

Certificates of appreciation went to Gordie Greens, Marc MacKenzie, Harvey Hynes, Joe Jackson, Dave Oakley, John

Roberts, Danny Sangster, Stephen Blue and Misc Shelley Sainsbury of No.3 Clerical Staff.

The News Media Appreciation Award went to the Springhill Communicator. Dave Bloomfield received the certificate for publishing of editorials and programme printing.

The Committee of the Month Award for September went to Bob Crans of Ways and Means while John Roberts received the October award for silk screening.

The September Jaycee of the Month Award went to Don Ogden while Bob Roy picked up the certificate for Jaycees of the Month in October. Certificates of Merit went to Bob Cann, Gerry Brown and Douglas Dennis.

The Award of Honor went to Springhill Jaycees President Blair DeBaie with Arden Thurber and Don Oram receiving honorary membership.

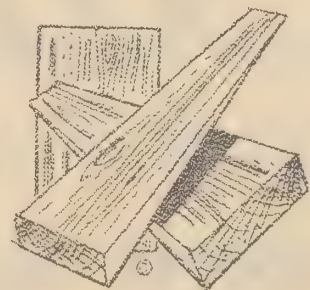
The certificates for election of new officers went to Douglas Dennis as President; Harvey Hynes as vice-president; Robert Crann as secretary and Dick Huskins as vice-president. Spoke Awards went to Robert Roy and Jim Millen.

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HALLIDAYS

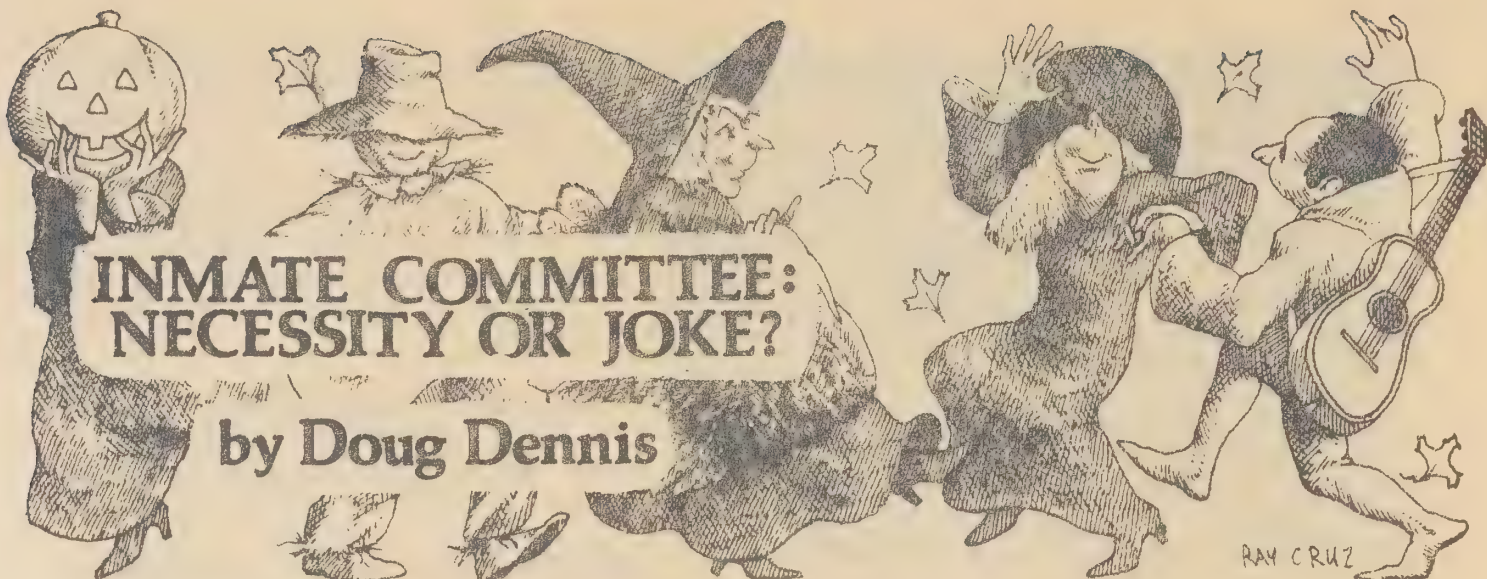
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To start this article, I think I should set down a few little known facts concerning the accomplishments of the previous Inmate Committees. To name a few: Family Visiting Day -- this was inaugurated in the prison on a once-yearly basis, then brought up to the present twice-yearly event. Unit Canteens -- this was originally set up with Accounts on a six month trial basis and has been with us for approximately two years now. Inmate Purchasing Agent -- this was set up by a Committee in the past along with obtaining permission for prisoners to own radios, cassette and eight-track recorders, etc. Camera -- this was brought in not only to provide a service to the prisoners but also to provide an extra source of income, through photos purchased in V & C, for the Inmate Welfare Fund.

The above mentioned and quite a few other items are now taken for granted by the present population; but believe me, the previous Committees which were responsible for them fought hard to get them.

"So what," you say, "that's ancient history. What has the Committee done for us lately?"

Outside of running around and slowly going crazy trying to ensure that the Christmas Family Visiting Day goes off smoothly, trying to get all the orders together for your Christmas Canteen -- the Committee's done very little. The only excuse I can offer is that it is difficult to accomplish anything when the Committee does not have the full cooperation of the Administration, staff, and prisoners.

Those of you who have bothered to read the minutes of the meetings held between the Administration and the Committee, have no doubt noticed that they are full of "no answer given at this time," "decision to be given at a later date," or "the matter will be looked into in the near future." All of this naturally brings a negative reaction against the Committee from the population and I don't blame them a bit. Some of the meetings I have attended have been

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so damned frustrating that I felt like beating my head against the nearest brick wall, just to preserve my sanity. On some proposals we get one hundred percent support from the Living Unit Staff, only to get shot down by the Administration; on others, certain Living Unit Staff have set up road blocks for no other reason that I can see than to assert their authority over prisoners.

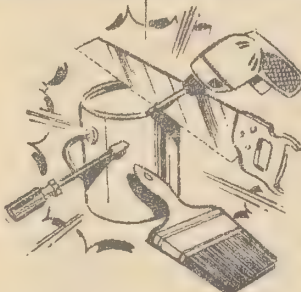
On the other hand, we have received negative criticism from members of the population who know little or nothing concerning the activities of the Committee or the limits to which we can go, especially in the area of spending money. When we can't come across with trophies for individual participants in all sports events we are called misers, when we don't give away eight-tracks, cassettes, numerous radios, and watches for prizes in our bingo games, we are told that we are hoarding the money. "After all it's our money, why can't we spend it the way we want to?" That is the most popular line going around the prison. The only answer I can give is that there is only so much money in the General Welfare Fund, it is not a bottomless purse and we don't control the purse strings. ALL of the events that take place in the prison are paid for by the Welfare Fund. It has been my opinion since I took my place on the Committee that certain costs should either be shared or paid for entirely by the Ad-

ministration. Unfortunately, the Administration does not share my views. Whenever the subject of money is brought up they always have the same reason for turning us down -- "the budget won't allow it." This is nonsense. We have a Social Development Department that takes care of all recreational activities for the prisoners and they must have a substantial budget set aside for all contingencies. As it stands now, the Committee pays practically ninety-five percent of the cost for all trophies, goodie bags, bingo prizes, etc. This should not be, the Administration should at least meet us half way on these expenditures.

I could go on indefinitely concerning other areas of our activities but I'll leave you with this -- before you criticize us too harshly, take another look at the situation and try to understand it from our point of view. If the Committee is going to accomplish anything in this prison, it is going to need the full support of the entire population -- not a put-down. On the other hand, the Administration must be made to understand that the Committee needs their cooperation also, so that we are not put in the position of being held up to ridicule.

Make the Inmate Committee a necessity -- not a joke.

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NUMBER 8 L.U.

BY JOE MACNEILL



We had quite a few things happening in our unit over the Christmas holidays, some good and some bad. Wes Stevens and John Bertsch are the Whist and Crib champions of the unit. They went on to take the Whist championship of the institution and just missed out on the Crib. Steve Le Cocq and Ali Brahmi represented the unit at Badminton and defeated all comers to become institution champs.

There's an awful lot of interest in our unit right now in working-out on the weights. Pancho Landry, Lightweight Champ and Ali Brahmi, Heavyweight Champ, say that a lot of guys from our unit work-out every chance they get. They're very pleased about this because they're both extremely interested in this type of activity. They hope the new gym will be open soon because the present facilities are certainly not the best. They hope newer and more modern equipment will be installed to take advantage of this large interest we now have.

Our Accent on Youth program is short of members at the present time. This group performs a very worthwhile function in centres throughout Nova Scotia. They visit groups of young people and give talks, using personal experiences, with the aim of keeping these young people out of trouble. This is a very self-satisfying experience and more people should be taking advantage of it. In our unit see either Gordie Wilson or Phil Whynott.

Our G-Range underwent a beautiful transformation for the holidays. Under the able direction of Terry Beaurome, the range was covered with streamers and icicles of all colors. Sub-control was all snowed-in and there were lots of other decorations placed around the unit. Terry had lots of help from Johnny Thebeau, Darcy Lunn, Bert Chinn, Gary Snow, Paul Bushfan and Gordie Wilson. To all of them, thanks for a job well done.

We held our Amateur Talent Show last month and both the audience and the participants had a good time. Terry Beaurome and Pancho Landry played a wild duet on the mouth-organ, while Ernie Bowser gave us a drum solo that had us cheering for more. Nelson Fillis and Ron Hodgeson sang and played guitar to turn us on to the Country Music scene.

Our Floor Hockey team is having its troubles of late. Coach Jimmy Esterbrooks says, "It's only a matter of getting it all together and maintaining some discipline, before we start to click."

Harvey Hynes, our Marathon Champion of last summer, is still at it. Harvey now does his jogging around the inside yard and is looking for people to keep him company. He runs a mile or two every day and he says the yard is always kept clear of snow. So anybody who thinks jogging is only for warm weather, come and talk to Harvey.

Spaceman goes up for parole in February and a lot of people, both staff and inmates, hope we don't see him around here anymore.... As far as I'm concerned, Gerry Rushton and Derek Lloyd are the flukiest Whist players I've ever seen. I've never lost so many games at one time before in my life. I wonder how they do it.

As everybody knows, our canteen was broken into last month and an undetermined amount was taken. It's been closed ever since, which necessitates frequent trips to the other units by No. 8 inmates. I hope it'll be opened again soon, as I don't think it's fair to punish everybody for what one person did, especially when it doesn't necessarily have to be someone from our unit.

MAN ON THE RANGE INTERVIEWS

Dimpey Downey: I know for a fact that we have the best athletes in No. 8. The only problem is that the guys don't have enough self-confidence and cohesion to function as a unit. So put it on the pad and take it to the lab and check it out. Right on.

Denny States: We're going to win the Floor Hockey because I've got an unidentified goalie, who's going to save our bacon.

Darcy Lunn: There's something funny going on around here. Somebody took my skates and five days later they turned up in my bed.

Gary Spicer: (At first he refused to talk but after being subjected to intensive questioning he said) Go ahead and say what you want, I don't care.

Danny Bowser: I had a wonderful twenty-one day vacation over the Christmas holidays. My accommodations were rather cramped and the room service was bad but at least I had hot and cold running water. I went on a diet and lost ten pounds.

Bobby Fairn: I wanta go home. I wanta go home. Oh, how I wanta go home.

Glenn Gosby: I'm on short time now. It sure feels good. Yeah, only five years and nine months left.

Gordon Feltmate: I'm afraid I'm going to have to leave here in April. I don't know what I'm going to do. I'll miss three square meals a day and a bed to sleep in every night. Oh well, things can't be good all the time.

Larry "Gunny" Buchanan: Fog lights, of

course there's no fog lights on boats, everybody knows that.

Mickey Muise: That Gummy's a dummy. He's got fog lights on the brain. When is that boy gonna realize there's more important things in life than fog lights.

Bruce Fifield: I know all about fog lights. I was raised by a school of fish. Anybody that wants to know anything about fog lights, come and see me. They don't call me a fish for nothing.

Tommy Boutillier: If there's going to be an unidentified goalie around here, it's going to be me, because nobody knows who I am.

Stay tuned for the next issue for more exciting comments from the "Man On The Range."

NUMBER NINE IS HEAVEN

BY 5097



The Springhill Penitentiary pie is composed of four penis erectus pieces or units. Although the filling in the entire pastry is basically the same in each unit, there are a variety of "active" ingredients (called inmates) who are deemed totally responsible for the flavor of each piece. The pie makers (or Living Unit Officers) in order to make a "tasty pastry" employ various methods to ensure a successful creation.

Take the Heat-O-Meter for example. This handy apparatus has the prime purpose of locating active ingredients (inmates) whose normal heat capacity is out of proportion in regard to the rules and regulations of the pie makers. C Range was reading "hot, hot, hot" a few weeks back. Instead of assuming themselves (four inmates) to be living on "Caution Court" they appeared to be overheated and believed themselves to be living on "Booze Boulevard." The Heat-O-Meter was working well that day and the result was Segregation for fifteen days. Pie Number 9 is back to normal and everything is cool on the dial.

My own J.D.S. Goodtaste-O-Meter has an excellent reading as far as Christmas decorations in the unit are concerned.

Congradulations are in order to those guys whose motivation has made the unit a little more tasteful for the season of Santa Claus. Officers of this unit deserve a hand for their worthy contributions to the cause of safe keeping. It has not been unusual as of late to find various pie makers searching cells. Perhaps the result of a bomb scare or word of a political assassination attempt on members of the Inmate Committee. Then again it could be their way of saying, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

NO. 9 BASIC MATHEMATICS

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- 2 KOURT (KANGAROOUS)
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IT'S A MAD MAD MAD MAD WORLD

No. 11 BY MARC MACKENZIE



Among the many things that have happened since I was last cornered by the good editor has been the annual occurrence of Christmas. I'm not quite sure but I think that is what it is called. One tends to not believe his upbringing when he reads about all the wars and other troubles that seem to plague our world.

Christmas in jail creeps up on one in much the same way, you are still waiting for it to come when you finally realize that it has already gone. It is just one of the many holidays that occur throughout the year. For that matter, it is not much different from any ordinary weekend. There is no feeling of brotherhood because the same faces and irritating personalities are still present, there is no holiday from them. It is not a time of happiness and merriment but a time of sadness and loneliness, for it is at this time of year, probably more than any other, that we feel alone and miss the close relationships that families have to offer.

In our "home" this Christmas, a few of the guys put up some decorations and they were good enough to win first place among all the units. But, this effort was made by only a few, a lot of the guys I talked to seemed to have a "so what" attitude. It was nice but who really cares.

We are just inmates, prisoners doing time that we deserve. If we miss our family and friends at Christmastime it is our own fault, we shouldn't have done something to warrant getting put in

here in the first place. This is the attitude prevalent among the prison staff. This was clearly shown just a few weeks ago. The key to the unit canteen was discovered missing one morning. What was the immediate response of the powers that be? "Some inmate probably stole it." Not that it was misplaced or lost but that it was stolen. The result was that our canteen was shut down for over a week. The reason was that they had to conduct an extensive investigation on their time and at their convenience. Finally, after a lot of hassles, the canteen was re-opened. A few days later it turns out, the missing key was found in some car. Since we don't drive cars....

Too often we are thought of as children or animals, who don't know any better. Despite this overwhelming belief that cascades upon us from our keepers, this is NOT so. We are human beings, with human feelings and as is true for all, human weaknesses. At this time of the year, when we think of others, we should also start thinking of our institutions. They are a necessary evil to our society I agree but they should be more than just a warehouse of lost souls. We don't ask to be coddled or babysat for but merely to be treated as adult human beings.

This will probably be my last installment from Unit 11 for this publication but I trust that it will continue to keep up the good work in trying to spread the word on what's happening in this prison and in the entire field of corrections.

The Recreation department recognizes the enthusiastic participation in all sports and general recreation programs this past season. This season stands out as an exceptionally successful one for the department in comparison with past years' experience. Also, it is said, and without exaggeration that the audiences here attending variety shows, special musical presentations and theatre performances this season have been very positive and responsive. The groups that have come in appreciate the response they have received here and found it to be well worth their while coming to entertain.

Sincere thanks go out to all who were in any way involved with recreation programmes as players, officials, coaches, captains, or spectators and audiences. It is with your interest and cooperation that this past season has been the success it has been and we look forward to a promising year.

Recreation Department,

Earl Lees



sports briefs

BY VINCE BEZANSON

The Floor Hockey season opened on October twenty-eighth, with a double-header. The first game saw No. 8 beat No. 10 in a real thriller. In the nightcap No. 9 downed No. 11, 16-8; No. 9 out-played and out-shot No. 11 throughout the entire game.

One of the most outstanding games so far this season was a 6-6 tie between No. 8 and No. 11. Junior Marshall, No. 11 Captain, who didn't enter the game until the ten minute mark of the third period, scored three goals and assisted Allen McLeod, who scored with a bullet drive to tie the game.

During the Christmas holidays a tournament was held. In the first game No. 11 put up a valiant effort against No. 9 but the defense of Charlie Turner and Leonard Downey proved to be too strong. Chico Dedam dazzled the crowd with his fancy stick handling and Bill Melnick played his usual steady game. In the second game No. 10 beat No. 8, 14-8; thus setting the stage for the championship game. In a quick paced cleanly played first period No. 9 jumped off to a 6-5 lead. The second period saw the No. 9 powerhouse open up a commanding 12-6 margin. In the final period the game turned into a rout as No. 9 fired numerous shots on goal. The final buzzer closed the one sided affair with the score at 22-10. During the last ten minutes, No. 10 had three men in the penalty box, which killed any chances they had. The Three Stars selection were: Floyd Kinney, "Fast" Eddie Hibbert and Donny Leroy.

Al Mallet said after the game that he was hurting from a bad knee and just couldn't get going. He added that No. 9 is a good strong team with plenty of depth and that's why they are number one.

No. 8 had been having its difficulties as of late. They lost Joe Meagher, when he transferred to No. 10 and Murray Cruickshanks, when he was released, thus leaving "Yogi" Blondeau as their number one goalie and Gary Parsons as back-up man. Gordie Wilson has stopped playing for some unknown reason and Coach "Jumpin'" Jimmy Esterbrooks says, "Maybe if Wilson returns and Powell continues to play steady, things could look up for this team."

In order to win consistently, everyone must play one hundred percent. Relying on one or two players to carry the team (which includes play-making, breaking up the oppositions big plays, and of course scoring) just does not work over the course of a long season. No. 10 relies on Alan Mallet to go out and play fifty-eight minutes of each and every game. This proved to be fatal in a recent game, as Mallet scored eleven goals, while No. 9 defeated his team 21-11.

The officiating has a great deal to do with any sport played. I'd say the Refs and other officials do not gain the respect of the teams. I'd like to meet with the Recreation staff to discuss this matter. I suggest they conduct officiating clinics well in advance of a sports' season; now is the time to start an Umpire's clinic for Softball. The implimentation of these two factors make for a better brand of sport.

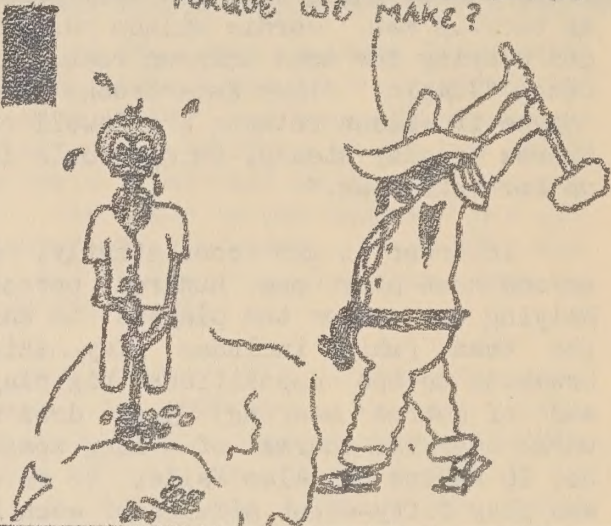
Well fans, that's about it for now. Let's hope the new gym will be ready at long last. I wonder what took those contractors sooo looong anyway? I hope there wasn't any hanky-panky going on, if you know what I mean. See youse all later and remember, don't be a willing participant in your own oppression.



PAPPY LUPUS & El Gato: 'At Her Majesty's Leisure'

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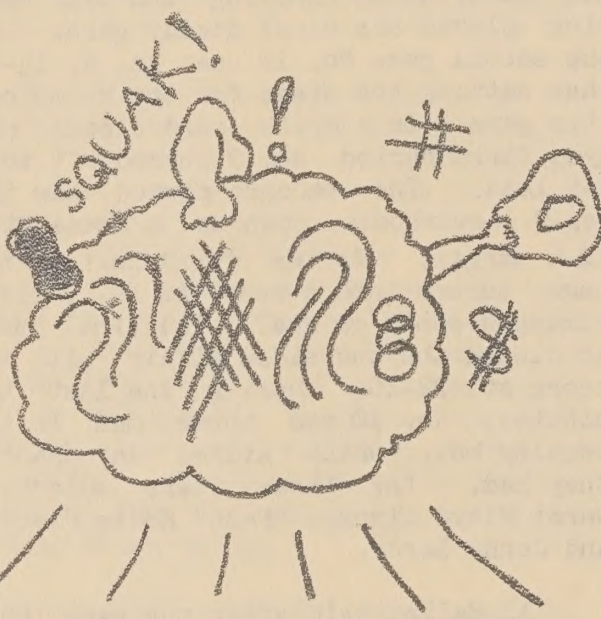
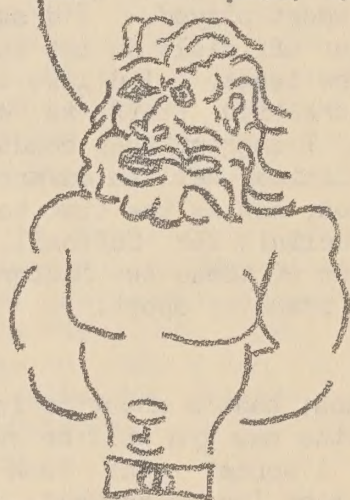
A MEN, I TOT
DA GRINGO
PRISONERS MAKE
ALL DA GRAVEL, SO
PORQUE WE MAKE?



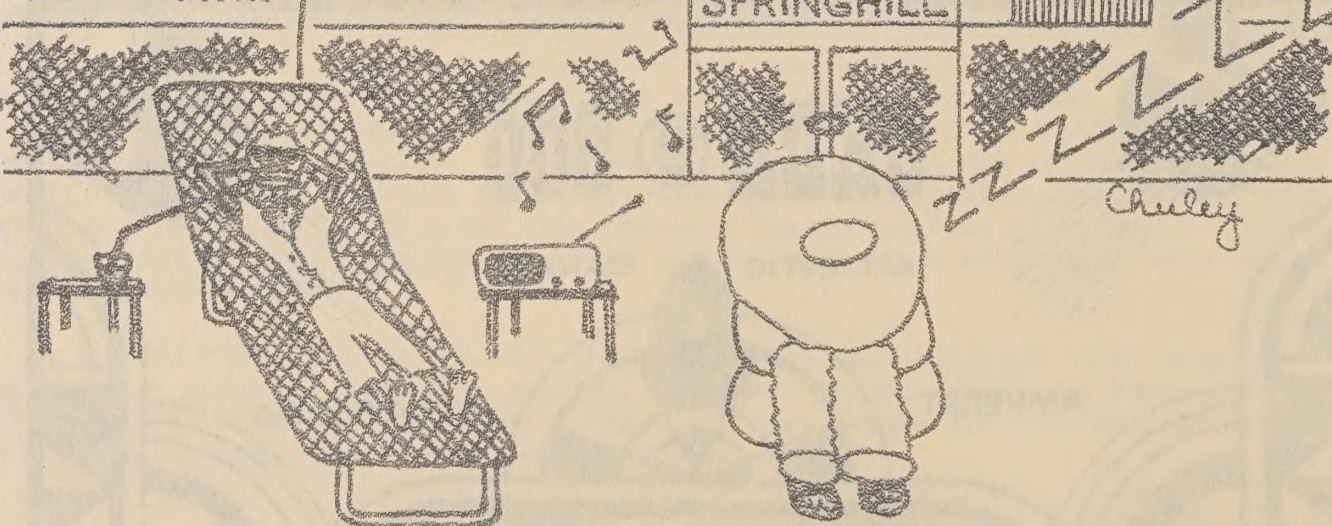
YA DUM BLAHER!
WE DON JIVE LAK
DAT NO MO. KICK BACK
AN CUT SOM Z'S SO'S
AH CAN RAP 'BOUT
WAT'S COMIN
DOWN.



OKAY YOU CLOWNS! I'VE GIVEN
YOU THREE DAYS ADVANCE PAY BUT
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! YOUR FIRED!
GUESS ALL I CAN DO TO GET MY
DOLLAR FIFTY BACK IS TO TAKE
IT OUT OF YOUR HIDES.



AH DON GIT IT? WE GIT HELL BEAT OT
US AN DEN WE GIT DA SLAMER WEN WE
CA DA FUZZ. AH KNOW ONE THANG. WE
SON GIT DAT SUCKU WEN WE GIT ATTA
HEA FO PUTTIN US IN BIS HEA GOD
AWFUL PRISON!



When I read through the reports on that, one of the key things in it was to move in that direction. Gee, I can't remember specifically what was in the report but I remember reading something to the effect that the prisons would be for people who really needed to be segregated from society. But I don't remember specifically what it was that I read in the report.

The idea of having two would be that they would be smaller institutions rather than one huge institution. I guess the main thing that makes me think we're moving in the direction of more community based programs is the F.C.A. project being talked about and worked on right now. That is definitely going to be instituted but we're not quite sure when, probably in a couple of years.

David: Wasn't Springhill supposed to replace Dorchester?

Susan: No, I never heard anything like that. I don't know, that may be but I've never heard that Springhill was to replace Dorchester. Never heard of that until you just said that now.

David: The thing that concerns me is everytime a new prison is being built it's supposed to phase-out an old one but the old one never gets phased-out so we end up with more prisons and it seems the cells have to be filled to justify their continuing operation. I'm wondering if all this talk about Diversion is lip-service because all I see on the horizon is an increase in prison construction.

Susan: Well, I don't know, that may be but certainly what has been stated is that these two new institutions are to replace Dorchester. Now, whether that's a cover-up, I don't know.

David: What do you see as the womens' future role in the C.P.S., do you see that expanding? Do you think there is a need for more women in the system?

Susan: Yeah, I could see that. I suppose on that basis I would say yeah. I think it would be a good thing just to have more women around because then it's more like the outside. I really get hung-up on this Woman and Man thing. Like, I think the staff that come to work should be qualified and to me that is the most important thing. We should be trying to get people who are really concerned about helping inmates, who know what they are doing and who are interested in doing a good job. I think that if I were on the board that was hiring that would be my main concern. Is this person conscientious, interested in doing a good job, and if it were a woman, good, and if it were a man, well that would be good too. I would like to

see us get staff to work here who are concerned and interested. If we can get a few more women so much the better.

David: Do you have any reminiscences of your stay at Springhill, any stories or interesting items that come to mind?

Susan: Yes, ha-ha, I have one that I really get a kick out of. I have always made an effort in the way I dress not to emphasize I am a woman. I don't feel that's appropriate in this setting or fair to the guys here, so generally I wear slacks or a long skirt instead of dresses. But, in the Summertime I would sometimes wear a short dress because it was a lot cooler. And one day in Number Eight Unit -- this was when I was working in the Unit -- an inmate came to the door, sat down and said, "Can I ask you a question?" And I said, "Sure," and he said, "Well, I'll probably get charged for this but why in the fuck do you wear short dresses to work? You're driving me fucking crazy." He was really upset about the fact I wore short dresses that week. I really laughed at that and I said, "Well yeah, I know what you mean and I'll try to keep that in mind." That was one incident that I'll never forget. I thought that was perfectly understandable and so I didn't charge him.

I think that language is another thing that gets me. Like, I still find that staff and inmates get embarrassed if they swear in front of me. It's kind of an awkward situation because I like to swear sometimes too. It's very obvious that people don't think women should be exposed to foul language or that they shouldn't use foul language themselves. I always kind of chuckle about that when it happens.

David: Where are you going to go from here Susan?

Susan: Well, my immediate plans are to just stay home on the farm doing stuff that I enjoy, working around the house and getting into arts and crafts some more. I don't have any immediate plans to go back to work anywhere. I think eventually I'd be interested in working part-time at something. I've been talking of coming back here eventually and doing staff training on a part-time basis which is something I'd really like to get into. I may go apple picking in the Valley for a couple of weeks -- I've been thinking about that -- but I'm just going to stay home, relax and enjoy life for awhile.

I'd like to say, I've really enjoyed the experience of working here -- even though now I'm glad that I'm leaving -- but it's been a good experience for me and I don't have any regrets about having come to work here. It's been a very good experience.

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